

# The last Newes from France.

Being a true Relation of the escape of the King of Scots from Worcester to London, and from London to France, who was conveyed away by a young Gentleman in womans apparrell: The King of Scots attending on this supposed Gentlewoman in manner of a Servingman.

The same is, When the King enjoys his own again,



**A**Ll you that do desire to know  
What is become of the King of Scots  
I unto you will truly shew,  
after the fight of the Northern Rats  
It was I did convey  
His Highnesse away,  
And from all dangers set him free,  
In womans attire,  
As reason did require.  
And the King himself did wait on me.

He of me a service did crave,  
and offer-times to me stood bare,  
In womans apparrell he was most brave  
and on his chin he had no hare,  
Where ever I came  
My speeches did frame,  
So well my Waiting-man to free,  
The like was never known,  
I think by any one.  
For the King &c.

My Waiting man a Jewell had,  
which I for want of Money sold,  
Because my Fortune was so bad,  
wee turn'd our Jewell into Gold,  
A good gift indeed,  
In time of our need.  
Then glad was I and glad was he,  
Our cause it did advance.  
Untill wee came to France,  
And the King, &c.

Wee walked through Westminster-hall,  
where Law and Justice both take place  
Our grief was great our comfort small,  
wee lookt grim death all in the face,  
I looked round about,  
And made no other doubt.  
But I and my man should taken be,  
The people little knew.  
As I may tell to you,  
That the King himself did wait on me,

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**F**rom thence we went to the fatal place  
 where his Father lost his life,  
 And there my man did weep apace,  
 and sorrow with him then was life,  
 I bid him peace,  
 Let sorrow cease.  
 For fear that we should taken be,  
 The gallants in Whitchall,  
 I'd little know'd at all,  
 That the King himself did wait on me,  
 The King he was my Servingman,  
 and thus the plot we did contrive,  
 I went by the name of Mistress Ann  
 when we too water at Queen. hive,  
 A boat there we took,  
 And London forsook.  
 And now in France arriv'd are we,  
 We got away by stealth,  
 And the King is in good health,  
 And he shall no longer wait on me,  
 The King of Denmark's dead they say,  
 then Charles is like to rule the Land,  
 In France he will no longer stay  
 as I do rightly understand.  
 That Land is his due

If they be but true,  
 And he will them do well agree,  
 I heard a Bird sing.  
 If he be once their King,  
 my man will then my Master be.  
 Now heaven grant them better success  
 with their young King than England had  
 free from warr and from distress,  
 their Fortune may not be so bad.  
 Since the case thus stands  
 Let neighbouring Lands  
 Lay down their arms and at quiet be  
 But as for my part  
 I'm glad withall my heart  
 That my man must now my Master be,  
 And thus I have declar'd to you  
 by what means wee esc. p'd away  
 Now wee bid our cares adieu  
 though the King did lose the day  
 To him I was true,  
 And that well he knew  
 'Tis God that must his comfort be,  
 else all our policy  
 had bin but folly  
 For the King no longer waits on me,

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